

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Mistress quickly*? how drow thy husband?  
I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Hof.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone and list to me.

*Prin.* What saist thou *Iacke*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell a sleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they picke pockers.

*Prin.* what didst thou loose, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou belecue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Hof.* So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speakes most vniely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Hof.* Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

*Hof.* Say, what thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Hof.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

*Hof.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Hof.* Thou art an vniust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue tbhu.

*Prin.* Thou sayst true *Hofesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grosely.

*Hof.* So hee doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,

You

You ought him a thousand pou

*Prin.* Sarra, doe I owe you a th

*Fal.* A thousand poud *Hal*.

Million: thou owest me thy lou

*Hof.* Nay, my Lord, hee call

cudggell you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardoll*?

*Bar.* Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you sai

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my Ring w

*Prin.* I say tis Copper: darst th

*Fal.* Why *Hal*? thou know

but as thou art *Prince*, I feare t

Lyons whelp.

*Prin.* And why not as the Ly

*Fal.* The King himselfe, is

thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I f

pray God my Girdlebreake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how wou

But sarra, there's no roome for l

bosome of thine: it is all filld

Charge an honest woman with

hore son impudent imboft rasc

pocket, but tauerne reckoning

les, and one poe peniworth

long-winded: if thy pocket w

but these, I am a villaine; and

not pocket vp wrong: art thou

*Fal.* Doe st thou heare *Hal*?

cencie, *Adam* fell: & what sho

daies of villany? thou seest, I h

& therefore more frailty you co

*Prin.* It appeares so by the

*Fal.* *Hofesse*, I forgieue thee:

thy Husband, looke to thy Ser

shalt find me tractable to an

pacified still: nay, I prethee b

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Co

that answered?